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JUNE, 1950

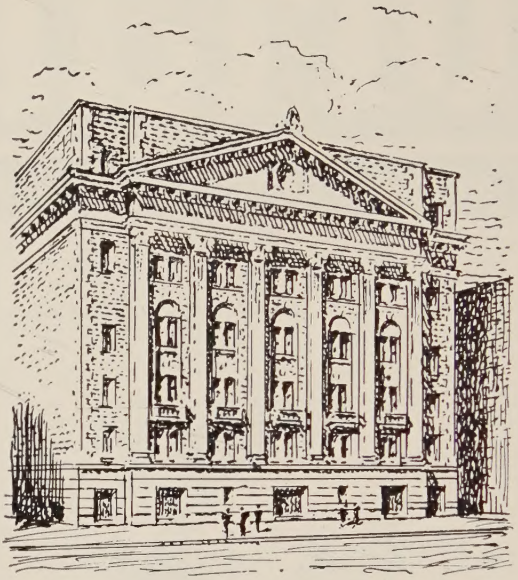
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Flower in the Crannied Wall

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVII *June, 1950* *Number 3*

"SHADOWS OVER WASHINGTON"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church
Sunday, April 30, 1950

I DON'T like bromides and neither do you and I think most people do not care for them, but at the expense of justly meriting your criticism, I am going to begin what I have to say this morning with a bromide. One who uses bromides either in speaking or in writing usually possesses a very limited intellectual horizon, for the bromide, which is a commonly accepted truth, has projected itself through all sorts of conditions until perhaps it is meaningless and certainly is quite irritating. One of the things which we are hearing these days (I hear it all the time, everywhere I go and from most people) is the bromidic statement, "What America needs is—" and they go on from there. What America needs is this, what America needs is that; each one of us has our own conception of what America needs. Within the limitations of my sermon this morning I am going to try and tell you as simply and plainly, and I hope frankly and courageously as I can, what I think America needs; and that's the bromide.

When I came back from Europe this year, where I had the opportunity of visiting last summer, I came back with one general observation, which has persisted. As I have thought and contemplated during the winter months, and as I have been meeting audiences in colleges, universities, in labor groups, among business men, civic clubs, all kinds of audiences up and down the country, this general observation has developed persistently in my consciousness. I talked with people in Europe and in Great Britain everywhere, and I was pretty much over Great Britain and pretty much over parts of Europe and I talked with them about their individual economic problems; about their political difficulties, and I talked with people in every strata of life; not just merely the academic group, or the religious group, but I talked with very humble and very lowly people. I tried to talk with people up and down the whole scale of humanity; and I say to you that never anywhere in Europe where I was, and never anywhere in Great Britain, in Scotland, in Ireland or in Wales, nowhere did I meet a single person who had any deep-seated doubts about the ability of the economic and industrial and political re-

covery of their respective places. I never met a person in Great Britain, no matter what their own political loyalty might be, conservative, laborite or liberal, that had any doubt in their mind about the ultimate outcome of their own country in meeting the problems that they had to face—not one. I talked with people in Holland and in France, and Germany, and never met a person on the continent of Europe who did not believe it was possible to build an economic and an industrial recovery for Europe and for Great Britain. I found no woe whatever; or suspicion that it couldn't be done. There was a deep-seated, basic, penetrating confidence that they were going to get out of the situation. But there was one thing, one thing that each person asked me whom I met in Europe this year; and in Great Britain; they finally all got around to one question, all of them. Policemen, bus conductors, taxicab drivers, barbers, newsmen, students, everybody.

When I preached at Newcastle-on-Tyne in Northumberland, up near the Scottish border, a group of students came up from Cambridge University on their bicycles, and asked if they couldn't interview me after the service, and I acceded to it, and what I thought might take 15 or 20 minutes developed into an hour in speaking with those students—fine, splendid type of young men. And the one question all the students got around to, and the one question that was asked after every lecture when I spoke and we would have a forum afterwards, with questions about what I had said, the question was there, haunting—a haunting and torturous thing—that question that everybody asked me in Europe and in Britain, and that question was: Has the date been set for the war between Russia and the United States?

Europe fundamentally believes, and I believe that they believe it, that they can work out some way the economic and industrial destiny of this earth; that's possible. I am not here to say how it will be done, through the Marshall Plan aid, or the increase or decrease of it, or what the whole process is, but the faith is there and the people of Great Britain have that faith. Now, you Americans must have no doubt about that. It is there. But the question was, has the date been set for a war between Russia and the United States?

When that young student of Cambridge University asked me that question in Newcastle-on-Tyne, I said to him: "Why do you ask me that question?" I said, "I am quite sure that you must understand that I don't know. I don't know. There is so much of modern diplomacy that is done behind the curtain that very few people in the democratic countries actually know all of the diplomatic processes or all of the diplomatic procedures." I said, "I don't know." I said, "Perhaps, lurking in the background of the military of the United States and perhaps in the cooperation with the military of the democratic nations of the world there is an anticipation in some distant future, I don't know whether it is distant or whether it is only that within a certain framework of time this thing might happen, I don't know. I don't know how definitely these master military strategists of the world have made up their minds as to coming events; I don't know; but," I said, "I am just as curious about your asking me the question; I want to know why you ask me the question." And I shall never forget the look in that man's eyes. After he had rather convincingly discussed with me the potentiality of Europe and Great Britain, and the democratic societies; after he had spoken of the potentiality of some of the nations that

are without the whip of the Atlantic influence, nations like India, like China, he said, "Simply this, Dr. Bradley: as a young man, believing as I do in the basic potentiality of the social structure," and he did, and it wasn't with a superficial arrogance that he was speaking; it was with a fundamental understanding of the processes of history; he said to me, "I am asking you that question because, on that date, every thesis for the rehabilitation of Europe and the world crashes; and nothing will matter again for a thousand or five thousand years, and no matter what we do about education, about religion, about integration, about economic and industrial problems, about patriotism, or what we do about anything, on that day, it falls in ruins."

I think he is right. I think that young man is supremely right. That if this kind of a date has been set or even anticipated by anybody then it is ruins.

I am in no sense advocating the idea that it is set. I am saying in the same breath, I don't know, but this I do know, as I stand in the evening glow and the setting sun, in the desperation of a day, and see the shadows that fall over Washington, shadows that are so portentous that they make me tremble; shadows that, like all shadows, could not exist without reality, for, while a shadow is but a shadow, a fleeting, temporary, passing thing, there could be no shadow without a reality back of it. Back of every shadow along the pathway of life there is something real, something real. And when I think of the shadows in the most critical moment in the history of our nation, and the word crisis doesn't mean anything to anybody any more, for we have become hardened to the word crisis! There was a time when it did mean something, but it doesn't now. Most of us cannot possibly envisage how anything could happen now that would create any unusual significance in the nature of a crisis. We have had crises shouted to us from the newspaper in headlines for twenty years. We have heard political orators, editorial writers, lecturers, ministers, talk about crises, crises, crises, until the true depth of the meaning of crisis doesn't register. We go on our way and the ghastly shadow which I see over Washington and which I felt in every hour of my recent experience in Washington when I visited ambassadors and had personal moments with them, when I sat in the United States Senate, when I sat in the House of Representatives in Washington, and then a few days earlier sat in the meeting of the Commission that is trying to work out the Covenant for the Declaration of Human Rights, when I sat around that table with my earphones, while the delegate from Yugoslavia and from Uruguay, and from Brazil, and Holland and Denmark, and China and the Philippines, and from India, each spoke in their own tongue and through my earphones I listened to what they had said, in impeccable English in immediate translation, and I detected there the same atmosphere, the same haunting, deadly, torturous thing that is settling down upon my country.

I heard the rumors, and no city in the world is as full of rumors as Washington. No people are as jittery. You sense it the moment you get off your train. I did. Suspicion is paramount. Everyone is conscious that they are being shadowed. Everyone feels that every time they pick up their telephone that someone is listening. Conspiracy, detection, investigation, everywhere. It is the most ghastly atmosphere I have ever been in, and I purposely refrained from speaking about it on my immediate return, the first Sunday I was in my pulpit after preaching in New York

two weeks ago this morning. I didn't trust myself last Sunday. I wanted to wait and see what a few days or a week would do to me as I went out to America, and as I have been speaking nightly, daily the haunting thing grows instead of lessening upon me. The hatreds, the bitterness, the lies, the double dealing, the double talk, impunity of men in high places, personal feuds, so bitter that men are stopping short of nothing to hurt and injure and crucify and destroy another. Never in the history of this nation has there been anything like it. Never. And it exists from the highest office, the presidency of the United States right straight through almost the entire fabric of government; fear, fear, fear, and it is settling down upon the people of my country, and people are becoming frightened and fearful and statesmanship is so rare that you can almost comb the national, political scene in both parties and count the true statesmen in America on two hands, and it is tragic! Plenty of politicians. They are a dime a dozen. Millions of them around, but statesmen; and what's the difference between a politician and a statesman? A politician is a man who conditions and implements his actions in the light of self-interest and the next election—and the next election. That's a politician. The statesman is the man who implements his actions and his vote in the light of the next century. That's the difference. And America is surfeited with the attitude that the next election is the most important thing—and it is important, no doubt about that, but we have as yet but little century-minded leadership; and so fear, fear, fear has settled down upon us: fear that a war is inevitable; fear that there's a communist flitting around every corner; fear, and we are being stimulated and encouraged with a ghastly sense of fear.

America, this nation, today the creditor nation of the world. The highest standard of living of any nation on earth. America: universities, colleges, churches, cathedrals. America, with a soil that was never polluted by the chemistry of foreign war—not one acre. America, that never lost a roof in the war. America, that never had one machine broken. America, that as far as the deterioration of the physical topography of this Republic was never touched. Not an acre of our land, not a roof over our factory, not anything ruined. Today the most powerful, richest, most beautiful standard of living in all the world. America, cringing and crying and afraid. Afraid of what? Why this fear settling down upon the hearts of America? Afraid of what? We, who have been taught that communism preys on economic and industrial disaster, and it does—and for an American to let fear that their economic and their industrial and their religious and educational life can ever become dominantly controlled by an atheistic, materialistic philosophy, belittles the dignity of your own citizenship. What's the matter with America to be afraid of that?

And instead of wringing our hands and permitting all this great tragedy of breaking up, of lying, of all the thing that saps the soul of man, and the very lifeblood of America, instead of standing in front of all this hectic, confused Washington scene, let America make up its mind that the answer is a new birth of faith in their own destiny, and that they propose to get rid of mediocre leadership and cheap chicanery and that we are going out into the body politic of America and find some statesmen; and we are not going to ask them to assume the responsibilities of good government; public opinion in America will com-

mand it and we will go to these great leaders in industry and education, in religion, who have kept aloof from politics and have thus permitted America to get to its lowest ebb in the history of America; and we will go to these leaders—(not little men, not men so emotional in temperament that they substitute for the reality of fact the convenience of rumor and guess)—and we are going to produce men and leadership and then the fear that grips our hearts will vanish when that new faith is born in our lives. We cannot stand this much longer. It is eating into our moral fiber. It is doing something to us and we cannot stand it.

I tell you in this concluding moment, the most beautiful thing I saw in Washington—the loveliest thing I have seen in years: it wasn't listening to the acrimonious debates in the United States Senate; it wasn't listening to the people in the House of Representatives, that sometimes sounded like a poor high school debating society; it wasn't the official visit to an ambassador; it wasn't anything at the United Nations. Would you like to hear what it was? It was 250 school children, whom I saw walking up the steps, those long, beautiful steps that lead to the most beautiful memorial in the world, the Abraham Lincoln Memorial in Washington. They got out of their busses from West Virginia, singing, shouting, their cameras clicking, with all the effervescence and enthusiasm of youngsters, with all the vitality of high school youngsters. I watched them all the way up the steps, doing the normal things that high school children regularly do when they are on their own, and then something happened. Something happened. I stood and watched it. The shouting all ceased, and all the fun stopped, all the activity. They gathered in front of the memorial monument and do you know what they did? They whispered. They whispered. Almost perfect silence, looking into the face of Lincoln. I stood there and looked at that scene. American youth hushed and silent, looking into the face of Lincoln. The shadows were lengthening over the Potomac that afternoon, dusk was coming, and as those American high school youngsters turned and left that moment and walked down the steps, I went on my way believing in the future of my country.

Out of Step

By Mrs. Beulah Buck Fogleman
2970 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

We are only out of step
When we fail to see the light,
When we turn to the left,
Instead of turning to the right.

Let's get into step
And hold the torch on high,
A signal for our brothers
As they go marching by.

Let's try to help each other
As we march along each day,
Forgetting and forgiving all the
Hurts along the way.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

(Sunday Services close with the morning service on June 11th, but a regular Sunday morning broadcast by Dr. Bradley at 11 o'clock by electrical transcription will continue throughout the summer; the opening Sunday Morning service in the church will be Sunday, September 17th)

Sunday Evening Service—(From November to Easter)..... 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley..... 8:00 p.m.

(From November to Easter)

Woman's Club—Re-opens in September. For information write or phone Miss Cornelia S. Hartshorn, Corr. Sec., 2127 W. 107th St. (43), BEverly 8-7038.

Professional and Business Woman's Club re-opens in October. For information write or phone Roxanna Martens, 1340 Bryn Mawr Ave. (40), RAvenswood 8-4212

Men's Club re-opens in October. For information write or phone Harold Hansen, Sec., 2218 Carmen Ave. (25), EDgewater 4-5998

The Uptown Players—Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St., MIchigan 2-3105

Closing Drama Tea, Sunday, June 4, Anderson Hall..... 4:00 p.m.

Opening Fall Season with Auditions on Sunday afternoon, September 17th

Plays, three performances each month at

Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St.

Evenings—8:30 Sunday Matinee, 3:00 p.m.

Channing Club (young people of High School age)

1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall.... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon.. 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 3:30 p.m.

Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall.. 7:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864 4th Friday each month, Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday at 11 a.m.

WENR-TV—Every Monday, 9:45 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB AWARDS SCHOLARSHIP

At their Annual Spring Luncheon on Monday, May 8th, the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church awarded a five hundred dollar scholarship to Lowell Salberg, who will be a senior in the Music School of Northwestern University next year, majoring in organ.

Mrs. Ethel B. Wilbur, newly elected president, made the presentation.

The scholarship was given by the club in memory of Mr. Walter Flandorf, former Director of Music of the Peoples Church of Chicago, who passed away last December after a brief illness.

Mrs. Glen Thomson, program chairman, announced that the club plans to present Mr. Salberg in an organ recital in the church auditorium early in the fall.

* * *

Mrs. Wilbur entertained the newly elected Directors and Officers, as well as the retiring members of the Board at a luncheon on Monday, May 15th, at the Dominion Room in Evanston.

Plans were formed for the 1950-51 season and for the Annual Church Bazaar for which the club members will be busily sewing and planning all summer.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

Miss Grace Rozanski was re-elected as President of the Professional and Business Woman's Club for the 1950-51 season. Miss Joanne Plett succeeds Mary Nordstrom as Vice-President. Roxanna Martens and Elsie Sykora were both re-elected to succeed themselves as Corresponding and Recording Secretaries respectively; and Mrs. Jane Jones was elected Treasurer, to succeed Joanne Plett.

Inquiries regarding summer activities and membership in the club should be addressed to Mrs. Roxanna Martens, 1340 Bryn Mawr Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

The present season of The Uptown Players will be brought to a close on Sunday, June 4th, when they will hold their June Drama Tea.

Two one-act plays will be presented. For detailed announcement, watch the church calendar.

USHER'S CLUB

The Usher's Club, that quiet-working but effective organization of The Peoples Church, at their May 2nd meeting, elected the following officers for the 1950-51 season:

Mr. Paul Raabe, President
Mr. Victor G. Miller, Vice-President
Mr. Fred L. Soell, Treasurer
Mr. Arthur J. Williams, Jr., Secretary
Mr. James Woods, Sergeant-at-Arms

The men who give this ushering service for the church are faithful in attendance throughout the year, come fair weather or foul, and their loyal devotion is greatly appreciated by Dr. Bradley and the church Board.

Also during the season the Ushers give a program, the financial returns of which are devoted to the church.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

I REMEMBER speaking at a national convention here in Chicago at which the proceedings were opened with prayer, and the one who delivered the invocation was a man of nationwide reputation. His opening sentence was, "We, who would *not* have chosen to be born at such a time as this, turn unto Thee." The reaction which I had to that petition when I first heard it has increased, as I have thought of it frequently since that time. To be quite frank, it irritated me, and I rebelled against the idea—not against the idea of turning unto Deity, for that is something that all of us should do, and we would all be better if there were more of us doing it. I felt it would have been better had the gentleman spoken only for himself at that convention. Perhaps *he* would not have chosen to be born in such a time, but I know I *would*.

History was one of my favorite subjects when I was a boy in high school and college. Sometimes I used to think it would have been a great hour to have lived when Demosthenes spoke and Plato and Socrates taught, and sometimes I used to think that to have been privileged to live in the revolutionary period of our own nation would have been a challenging and inspiring experience. And think what it might have been to have lived when one could have heard the great Lincoln and could have listened to the Lincoln-Douglas debates! Such introspective thinking could go on endlessly and uselessly, for the barren truth is, we live now, in this age and in this hour; and by comparison with any other hour in human history it stands out above them all, not only in the active operations of men and nations all over the world, but also in its potentialities and possibilities.

It is history's finest hour, because it is an hour in which the possibilities of tomorrow are all contained in it and we have in our hands the clay out of which we can mold such indescribable beauty and harmony and peace that every other person who is to live after us will be able to say truthfully, "Oh, to have lived in such a time!"

The greatness of this hour is the lure of the future. Its possibilities leave one almost breathless, as we think of its importance to every other hour which humanity shall ever know. And it calls to my mind some of the beautiful lines of Henry Van Dyke's "Doors of Daring" where he says:

> The bars of life at which we fret,
> That seem to prison and control,
> Are but the doors of daring, set
> Ajar before the soul . . .
> Say not, "Too poor," but freely give;
> Sigh not, "Too weak," but boldly try;
> You never can begin to live
> Until you dare to die.

And those who sigh for times of ease, with everything apparently going their way, and nothing to struggle for or against, are the wishy-washy souls of life — but who wants to be a mere jelly-fish type of person?

I stood on the banks of a large stream in the Alps once, watching a picturesque lumberman. The lumberman was working with the logs which were coming down from the hillsides. I saw him selecting those logs with a great deal of care, but I couldn't see any difference in them. Finally I said to him, "What about these logs? You are putting some here, and some you let pass by." And he said, "You see that log there? That log came from the valley, in the lowlands. It never was buffeted by the winds and storms and tempests. It grew straight up, with coarse grain. It never had to fight or struggle against the wind and storm, so we keep it for the poorer lumber; its grain is coarse. But you see this log? This one came from the crags and the hilltops; this log was a tree which stood and faced the elements. It was bent and twisted by the winds from the time it was a little sapling. It was compelled to fight to become a tree, and the result of the conflict is, it has a fine grain. This log makes perfect timber and goes into the finest furniture that is made in Italy."

So it is with life. If we live a protected, sequestered life, it may be a weak life and we will become a weak personality, of little use to ourselves or the world in which we live. But some of us may have to stand on the mountain peaks, and some of us must pay the penalty of being buffeted by the winds and storms and tempests of life; but it only makes the grain of life finer and more beautiful; and life is worth it all; every influence we can exert, to stand up to life makes us stronger; and everything we can do to help another along the way, and to help a younger person to get a firmer hold, makes life the more significant and beautiful. And our seeming failures in the struggle are not final. Keep on trying. For the struggle itself is important. It builds us and the nation. Let us take every failure and every defect and mold it into an inspiration for victory.

The future belongs to us. And either the tree grows in strength or it deteriorates; and it is the same with man. He has never stood still and never will; there isn't any such thing as anyone standing still—whether we think of an individual or think in the generic sense of a race. No person is ever two minutes alike. You are not the same person you were when you started to listen to this broadcast, nor am I the same person I was when I started to give it. Every second of time does something to each of us and it does something to the world. We either go forward or we go backward. Man has never been stationary in his history. He has gone forward rapidly in certain centuries, then there seemed to be a lull in his creativeness and genius, but even in the lull he did not remain stationary.

It helps decidedly for one to interpret the spirit of these times and anticipate their results when one really has

a conception of human history. I happen to be one of those who believe in the principle of progress. I believe, as much as I believe anything, that we are in a universe basically constituted on the inevitable principle that good and right are always finally the winning side; that evil only has a temporary victory over right and good; that the law of compensation is one of Nature's well established laws. I think the verdict belongs to those who believe that we are in a universe and a part of a world which is inevitably and constantly going on to something higher and finer than it has ever known. There have been minds in many different cultures that have caught a glimpse of the far-off hills, though they never were able to reach the hilltop. But what they said and thought and did and gave to the world indicates a possibility which man is ever attempting to realize. I cannot think at this moment of any one thing which would help more to create within us all an entirely new attitude toward all of the difficulties which beset the world than the fact that there is a principle at work which can never be defeated, thwarted or changed, and that principle is the ultimate triumph of good.

TWELVE RULES FOR A POISED LIFE

THERE are few emotions which take possession of the human heart more agonizing and more tragic than the emotion which comes to a heart which has lost faith in the world, lost faith in civilization, faith in a nation, faith in a personality, faith in a truth. Some of the most sorrowful moments of my life, and I think I share with you in this experience, have been the moments when someone in whom I believed and in whom I had great confidence, suddenly failed me, or something which that person said or did or was, completely shattered my faith in them. There is hardly a greater tragedy or a deeper sorrow that can befall a human heart than the sorrow which comes from having a friend fail you and having your faith in that individual collapse and disintegrate and decay. That hurts. What is true in this regard concerning an individual is also true on a larger scale when you think of people en masse.

I spoke recently to a group of high school graduates, and I told those young people I did not fear for their morals, but I only feared that they might become disillusioned and lose faith, and I said to them: "Don't lose faith in the possibilities of human nature! Don't lose your faith in the potentiality of human life! In the possibility that every dream can be realized — the dream of brotherhood — the dream of international comity — the dream of regulation of profits, of the submergence of individual selfishness and tyranny — the dream that evil and evil men can be completely and wholly eradicated.

"Don't lose your faith, for it has a creative power to transform your own lives into such careers of contribution that you will partake of the dignity of God! Don't let the cynics, don't let the defeatists, don't let the calamity howlers, don't let the pessimists, don't let any of these people influence you. They are the people who have lost faith, faith in the potentiality of themselves; but

down through the history of the ages there have been artists and poets, there have been architects and builders, there have been scientists and inventors, there have been diplomats and dreamers who have preserved intact, while they have projected it down through the centuries, the ideals of a decent human society. Every literature, every race, every culture, has given intermittent flashes of the possibilities of mankind. You belong to the great living, breathing, throbbing dynamo of the ages, the dynamo of men's hopes! Don't lose faith in that! When they shout at you that Christianity has failed, that democracy has failed, that this has failed and that has failed, just remember they have never failed! Has Christianity failed? Has democracy failed? Has brotherhood failed? They never have! They have not failed! YOU and YOU and YOU and I have failed them! We are the failures. So it is with our ideals. So it is with our religion. A FAILURE? Never! No matter what your particular faith may be. The failure is that we lose faith in the efficacy of that which would help us. Keep that faith and the end will bring us out all right."

So many people write me about the complications in their lives. Someone they trusted has failed them, and their sense of values becomes all confused. Well, right-thinking fundamentally is the only practical way to achieve a well-balanced and satisfactory life. And right-thinking is just common sense. If I ever lost faith in the potentiality of the individual, of you — if I ever lost faith in your potentiality to be something finer and better than you are, indeed I should not want to live — for life would then be a mockery. When we examine all the obstacles that impede the attainment of a masterful life, we find that these difficulties become insignificant and disappear if we adopt a reasonable and sensible attitude toward them. We have brains, we have intellects, we have hearts and souls, and somewhere we must keep alert the vision of the possibilities of our lives and what we really can do when we get the fog out of our thinking and get the scales off our eyes.

One listener, whose life had become very complicated, or so it seemed to her, wrote and asked if I had any sort of rule or a set of rules which might be helpful to her in maintaining a well ordered life. Well, I do have, and I shall give them to you.

First of all: Do the unpleasant task first.

Second: Stick to the job you are doing until it is done.

Third: Keep well rested and get adequate sleep.

Fourth: Be friendly with others.

Fifth: Talk over your real troubles with someone in whom you have confidence.

Sixth: Do not go around looking for sympathy.

Seventh: Forget your small troubles.

Eighth: Look for the cheerful side of things. Keep a sense of humor.

Ninth: Think about something other than your own pains and aches.

Tenth: Try carrying your burdens on your own shoulders.

Eleventh: Relax from time to time during the day.

Twelfth and last (and perhaps most important of all): Believe in yourself and in your life's work.

That brings us right back to where we started—this question of not losing faith in yourself. So often though, in an age like this, we have a twisted sense of values. We fail to hold to the simplicity of life in its fundamentals, against the background of its material complications. Start tomorrow and consider the details that are permitted to disturb the peace and solitude of your

own soul. See how we are often tyrannized by the machinery of life. Inner calm only comes by the cultivation of the great spiritual sciences. How much time are you giving to thinking about these matters? Do not misunderstand me. I am not urging you to avoid life. None of us should ever do that. What does all this modern living demand of all of us, if we are to have command of ourselves and control over circumstances? Why it is poise. Whenever you find poise you find reserve power.

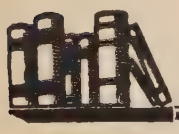
The forceful person is not the man or woman who is dissipating and exhausting themselves, not at all. Those who feel a lack of courage and the need for readjustment to all this rush of life, should cultivate a capacity for experiencing, appreciating and developing poise. Who is always the stronger man in an argument? The one who doesn't lose his head. Which is always the stronger nation? The nation that doesn't lose its equilibrium. Who is always the most impressive personality? He who succumbs to hysterics — who in a crisis goes to pieces? Not at all! But the person who is always in control of himself. And so these rules will help any person to create that self-confidence which is so essential to effective living.

You remember Rudyard Kipling's famous "If":

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

. . .

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
  If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
  And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!



BOOK CHATS

MANY, many people write to me and ask me to recommend a psychiatrist to whom they may go with some member of their family—sometimes it is a son or daughter who needs some adjustment beyond the ability of the parents, sometimes a husband and sometimes the wife; but many people who heretofore have not understood the office of the psychiatrist are now recognizing the place the reputable psychiatrist fills in our modern society. That is why I am bringing to your attention a book which was published in March, written by a famous minister and a psychiatrist who is an M.D.

The minister is Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Minister of the Marble Collegiate Church of Lower Fifth Avenue, New York, the oldest Protestant church in America, founded 318 years ago, in and out of whose doors go the people of all faiths and creeds. Many of you have probably heard Dr. Peale on the air over his Sunday morning

summer broadcast, heard throughout the mid-west. The psychologist who collaborated in the writing of this book is Dr. Smiley Blanton. The American Magazine ran a feature article on Dr. Peale's Psycho-Religious Clinic, which he has at the Marble Collegiate Church. Dr. Peale has had a long experience as a religious counselor, working with a staff of psychiatrists. Dr. Peale wrote that celebrated book which I have reviewed on the air and in my church, called "A Guide to Confident Living." Though 300,000 copies have been sold, the demand still continues.

The book I am now writing about is called "The Art of Real Happiness." I like that title, for real happiness is an *art*. It is a way of living and it may be cultivated. This book, "The Art of Real Happiness," makes available to you the techniques for solving personal problems and achieving inner peace. These techniques were developed in actual practice at Dr. Peale's famous religio-psychiatric clinic in New York. These co-authors present a practical outline of how to join the age-old truths of the Bible with the scientific discoveries of modern psychiatry and psychology to find personal happiness.

Each chapter in the book, "The Art of Real Happiness," is devoted to a specific problem of everyday living. Managing love and hate, achieving peace of mind, learning how to relax, keeping healthy under pressure, relieving depression and anxiety, conquering alcoholism, finding comfort after bereavement, and growing older happily —all these problems are treated in detail and extensive examples are given, taken from actual experience of real people; and there are easy-to-follow rules for self-guidance. People concerned with human relations, as well as individuals will find "The Art of Real Happiness" a helpful handbook.

The approach to these problems given in this book is already changing the lives of millions, for these techniques are being used in counselling centers throughout the country. Dr. Smiley Blanton, the co-author, has written, in collaboration with Margaret G. Blanton, such books as "For Stutterers," "Child Guidance," and "Speech Training for Children."

Dr. Peale, you will remember, has written "A Guide to Confident Living," "Not Death at All," "You Can Win," "The Art of Living," he edited the book "Guideposts," which I reviewed, and he and Dr. Smiley Blanton collaborated in the book "Faith Is the Answer."

I think if nothing had been written in this book but the chapter on "How to Have a Successful Marriage," it would have been worth the time and effort and thought of the entire book. The authors tell us that more than one-fifth of the people who come to the clinic come to seek advice on how to save their marriages from disaster.

Here I quote a paragraph from this chapter: "Marriages are perhaps often made in heaven, but they are always worked out in the arena of daily life; and the reason that they are not always happy remains a mystery only so long as the forces of the unconscious mind are ignored." . . . "Men and women who embark on marriage owe it to themselves, and to their children who will eventually continue the institution, to try with all their strength to build and maintain a serene, loving atmosphere in their home."

We would like to offer these practical suggestions as to how it may be done: (and here I am quoting ten rules from this chapter on marriage:) 1. Before you marry be sure that you know that your minds as well as your hearts are attuned to each other. There must

be at the start a community of beliefs, and attitudes, and goals. Minimize, rather than make an issue of, any lack of agreement you may find after marriage.

2. Grow along together, as the circumstances of your life bring new viewpoints and interests. Do not allow one of you to stand still, while the other marches ahead.

3. Never forget that marriage is not a contest of wills but an equal partnership in which each must share and share alike the rewards as well as the sorrows.

4. Learn the wisdom of talking things over together frankly. One of the great philosophers said, "There is no hurt that cannot be cured by quiet talking." Discuss your problems and grievances without rancor, and with a will to adjust them. But if you do quarrel, remember the old admonition to settle it before you go to sleep.

5. Do not be timid about discussing money. It is joint property after marriage. Reach a clear understanding about finances, so that both of you will know where you stand. Keep it an open subject just as any other partners in any other business enterprise would.

6. Do not expect of your spouse what he or she should not by right be expected to give. Your wife cannot be a mother to you, nor your husband a father.

7. Loyalty is priceless. Never discuss your mate with family or friend.

8. Treat your children, not as copies or extensions of yourself, but as individuals with personalities of their own. Help them to develop. If there is disagreement or uncertainty about their training, seek the advice of a psychiatrist or a psychologist, or your pastor. But avoid bickering in front of them in discussing their problems, or arguing about how they should be brought up.

9. Surround yourself, as far as possible, with friends who have ideals similar to yours and who believe in the same things.

10. Regard marriage as something to be entered into and kept. The determination to make it work is of the utmost importance. Its success may depend on this attitude. There I end the quote.

This book is full of actual experiences, and of actual conversations, but these take more time to relate than I have at my disposal here, so I have given you the less interesting rules from the book, because they are so sound and good. But the book reads like a series of interesting stories of actual people and because it covers the common experiences of life known to most any family, it is interesting reading as well as one of the most helpful books anyone could read for giving one a sound light on very common situations of life.

A PRAYER
FOUND IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
  And also something to digest;
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
  With sense to keep it at its best;
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
  To keep the good and pure in sight,
Which seeing sin is not appalled
  But finds a way to set it right;
Give me a mind that is not bored,
  That does not whimper, whine or sigh;
Don't let me worry overmuch
  About the fussy thing called I.
Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
  Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life
  And pass it on to other folk.

Author Unknown.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

WHEN the April Mail Bag was written, Mrs. Bradley was very ill in Ravenswood Hospital and no demands could be made upon her, so the April Liberalist went to press without any mention of it being made to Mrs. Bradley. However, after a desperate siege of illness, she began to gain a little, just a little, and the temperature became normal, and telephone conversation with her became possible. One day, as Mrs. Bradley was talking with Miss Smalley, the study secretary, she said: "Ethel, I should like to write a little something for the May Mail Bag." "Do you think you feel strong enough?" she was asked. "Well, I'll do just a little at a time," she said. And so it was that the lovely little chat from her hospital room came to be in the May number.

Then on Friday, May 5th, after a trying week, lobar pneumonia developed in the upper right lung and Dr. Bradley phoned from the hospital that they were putting Mrs. Bradley in an oxygen tent, and she was very ill. All week much anxiety has been felt, though for the last two nights she has had a better report, and we all pray for her strength to win the battle. It has been a long anxious time since the middle of March, with Dr. Bradley's schedule seemingly busier every minute. There are out-of-town engagements which must be met, whether with heavy heart or light, but these trips are made with an undertone of anxiety ever on his mind and heart. Long-distance phone calls keep him in constant touch with home, hospital and with Mrs. Bradley.

Dr. Bradley greatly appreciates the fine letters of sympathy and friendship which are being received constantly by Mrs. Bradley and himself, which help to strengthen them both. The mail has been filled with letters too numerous to possibly answer them all, but over the radio and through the medium of The Liberalist, Dr. Bradley expresses his thanks to every one whose thoughts are with him these trying days.

At this writing the day is sunny and warm, with a promise of summer after all, and ducks swimming around in the Lincoln Park lagoon, as they stop for a few days on their way farther north. Dr. Bradley received a letter from his caretakers at his Island home in northern Minnesota, saying that the water is very high at the island and much of the country around is flooded, one hospital at Cook, Minnesota, having to move its patients. While we here, in Chicago, had a winter with very little snow, up in the northern country they had a heavier fall of snow than in years, followed by heavy downpours of rain, and then this flooding of the country. Vermilion Lake extends for fifty miles in length, and naturally, with the waters of the lake unusually high, the lower lands will suffer inundation.

Before Mrs. Bradley became too ill for conversation she talked only of getting well in time to go to the Island: "Everything will be all right if I can just get to the Island," was her only thought. And we all pray she may

soon be able to see her beloved pansy box, the lilacs in bloom, and watch the many, many birds as they come back to their favorite haunts from the far away places of the south.

* * *

Now for a look into the Mail Bag. On March 3rd, Dr. Bradley gave a broadcast in which he compared people who had so little to do with their time that they bothered to write chain letters, with people who really did something useful with their time. In this broadcast he told about a friend of his, Stanley Blake, who, he said, "is located at the U.S.V.A. General Hospital at Wood, Wisconsin, and has found something better to do. Stanley," continued Dr. Bradley, "is a victim of multiple sclerosis and a chronic-cardiac condition." Then Doctor quoted this letter from Stanley:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Pinned down by a heart episode for nearly three months, I received a marked copy of 'The Wright Line,' a house-organ of Wright & Co., Inc., of Worcester, Mass. Occupied with other things at the time I put it aside. Able to be up finally, I investigated it and other mail accumulated on my typing-table. With bulging eyes I read the following: (Here, under the heading 'He Types With Two Fingers' is the write-up which is about Stanley, himself.)

" 'J. Edgar Lee, the Grand Haven, Mich. manufacturer, has been telling us about a man who has won his admiration. Stanley Blake is a World War I veteran who was healthy enough until 1934, when he was forced to surrender to multiple sclerosis. Mr. Blake happens to be one man who refuses to believe it is incurable. When you think you are having a hard time, or your working conditions make you unhappy, give some thought to Stanley Blake.

" 'His hands are so crippled that he has to do his typing with one finger on each hand. Every day he writes from morning to night, writing encouraging letters to a list of about 500 addresses once a month. He also got an idea for helping inarticulate patients. He described what he wanted to Mr. Lee and his Challenge Machinery Company printed cards with the alphabet and numerals and the words "yes" and "no," all set in 72-point type. The inarticulate patient points to the letters and spells out words, thus giving the information he desires to impart.

" 'If a man like Stanley Blake, with all his handicaps, can be a happy, helpful citizen, what right have we to be gloomy and helpless?' (That is the end of the article about Stanley and here continues his letter to Dr. Bradley:)

"Reading a tribute like this about one's self while still groggy from a rather trying illness was gratifying and pleasurable. Also gratifying was the experience of having developed a substitute for speech for a number of luckless individuals bereft of speech."

Then Stanley says that he did not invent the idea, but developed it for many after seeing it used by one person, and adds: "Anything that deprived them (his unfortunate fellows) of speech and so hindered them from telling me what to say in the letters I wrote for them, irked me. My pronounced incoordinations, muscular inbalance and other handicaps make typing difficult, but that heightens the satisfaction of serving my fellows." (He then told of its being a help to speech therapists elsewhere and of its use at the School of Speech at Marquette University. And Stanley then adds) "Friends, I have never quarreled with opinions as to the incurability of multiple sclerosis, nor a chronic-cardiac condition. But have merely endeavored to set the imputations aside, and

to function regardless. 'Ye see then, how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only.' Very best wishes. Stanley Blake, Wood, Wisconsin."

In his broadcast, Dr. Bradley then added: "After hearing how Stanley Blake, suffering from great physical disabilities, has yet conquered these disabilities to the extent of disregarding them in order to serve usefully his more helpless comrades and cheer those who, like himself, may need cheer—after hearing about Stanley Blake's courageous, constructive and helpful attitude, doesn't it seem positively absurd to think of a normal, healthy human being, wasting precious time on silly chain letters, instead of doing something helpful and useful? Three Cheers for the Stanley Blake's of this world!"

A few days after this broadcast was given, Dr. Bradley received a letter from Stanley, in which he told of many people telling him about the broadcast, but that he, himself, having been a little below par for ten days, went to sleep with the earphones on, and so missed the broadcast, to which he always listened. The letter is single space and a very full page long, so I will just quote what Stanley says about faith as he applied it in his own life, which he was told was the subject of the broadcast:

"When one has been sitting on the edge of infinity, so to speak, for a period of years, realizant of the proximity of death, faith really means something. Now I have an infinite faith in God. Having it has been a blessing of no mean proportion and importance. Too, I believe that God has a right to have faith, and I will use to the utmost the few talents and abilities He has afforded me; will use them helping associates less physically or otherwise fortunate. Hyperconscious of brief limitations, these opportunities come in little ways, minor, atom-like particles. But even atoms compiled over a period of years, timed and usefully detonated . . . golly ding, man! Am I telling *you* their potentialities?

"By all means keep up your great and noble work. We who are busy do not have time nor the inclination to be sick. We keep on functioning—regardless! Ever the best to you, sir: and may you always have pure cream for your coffee! Stanley Blake."

The above letter was written March 5th. On April 1st, Dr. Bradley gave an address at an Annual Masonic Assembly held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Stanley Blake was there, in a wheelchair. And Dr. Bradley stepped down from the platform after his address, to greet Stanley and to let him know he appreciated his presence.

April 17th the following note on a post card came to Dr. Bradley from J. Edgar Lee, of Grand Haven, Michigan:

"This is sad news, Dr. Bradley. Our mutual friend, Stanley Blake, attended a Masonic gathering of some 5,000 on Saturday, April 8th. He was an invited guest. You being the principal speaker and after completing your talk stepped down off the platform and shook hands to let Stanley know he was an appreciated guest. The exertion was apparently too much for Stanley. He took cold, developed pneumonia and passed away on Sunday, April 16th. We are surely going to miss Stanley."

Then Dr. Bradley had a letter from Mrs. Harry Adams (Evelyn Blake Adams), a sister of Stanley's, on May 7th, thanking him for a copy of the broadcast which he had sent, and enclosing a letter typed by Stanley, dated April 3, two whole pages long, single space, showing the great difficulty of typing here and there, and which letter he never mailed. Mrs. Adams had

found it in Stanley's files, and said "as long as it was such an effort for him to type, and it took him so long to do so, I thought you would like to have it." Here we quote a paragraph from Stanley's letter, written shortly before his death:

"Yes, Brother Preston (a masonic greeting), I was delighted to meet you face to face at last, and be privileged to shake your hand. All these past years while listening to your broadcasts, that aspiration has been uppermost in my heart and mind. Not knowing we were fraternally affiliated; hyperconscious of my relative unimportance and of your intense application and occupation—my immobility, etc., it seemed impracticable. But now I've seen and heard you, met you under such auspicious circumstances—having been informed by Brother Bob Wierer you wanted to meet me. To have him wheel me up to where personal contact was possible; to have you descend from the rostrum before more than 5000 Brother Masons for a thrilling and most gratifying handclasp — Mister, that was truly *somep'n!* Made my enjoyment complete."

Perhaps you are thinking that much space has been given to Stanley Blake and his letters. Stanley Blake deserves it. With every handicap against him, he built, and built and built, every day of his life, using every bit of strength and ability he had to its utmost. In addition to writing letters for those more unfortunate than himself, he wrote a monthly letter to those he helped to cheer, and was Editor of the little paper "Wood Tattler," publishing the doings of the hospital at Wood, Wisconsin. He wrote the Editorials and a column called "The Hellbox"—a term familiar to any printer who has spent time in the composing room. He was the longest, continuous contributor to that paper, having joined the staff with its second issue, back in June, 1946.

A long cheer for Stanley Blake—courageous, helpful, lifting, building Stanley Blake!

* * *

Following is an interesting letter from one whose work takes him to the State Prison at Waupun, Wisconsin. The letter contains a message for our organist, Mr. Wetzel, as well as a greeting to Dr. Bradley, Mrs. Bradley and Jimmie: "Dear Dr. Bradley (and Mrs. Bradley and Jim): I believe the last time we met, Doctor, was in Indianapolis, but last October I took over the Paint Manufacturing Department for the State of Wisconsin, which is located at the State Prison here in Waupun.

"Your service this morning was most inspiring, as usual, and Mother and I want to have a little part in your $1 radio contribution opportunity of this morning. I am quite sure that you do know that folks who work with such as we do in Reformatory or Prison, do require a little additional 'fortitude' once in a while. Your service does add much, and I cannot help but add this also: Mr. Wetzel, as your present Choir Director, is an additional pleasant 'Radio connection,' for he will no doubt remember every one of our four children who had the wonderful experience of singing under his Directorship at Carl Schurz High School. Also, his good sister was my assistant organist when I was Director of the Norwood Park M. E. Church Choir. So you see, your Church service has sort of a 'double' meaning now.

"Doctor, you must remember when we worked so earnestly to try to restore the Horicon Marsh here in Wisconsin. Well, the 'Marsh' is only about three miles east of our home here in Waupun. As you know, it is definitely now a wild life refuge, and it certainly

was an exciting and thrilling experience for me to see the thousands of ducks and geese there this fall. Of course I thought of you, and also the part the Izaak Walton League played in years gone by, which made this possible.

"Mrs. Willey and I usually attend the local Methodist Church, but did not do so this morning because of the weather, and we always 'tune in' to the Peoples Church if we are home. It means a lot.

"With kindest personal regards to you and yours, and the best of everything to you in the wonderful work you are, and have been, doing for so many, *for so many years,* we are as always, Sincerely yours, Mr. and Mrs. Ray S. Willey, 221 E. Jefferson St., Waupun, Wisconsin."

* * *

Next we pick up the following very grateful letter from one who has conquered alcoholism and who gives Dr. Bradley much credit for helping him: "Dear Dr. Bradley: Knowing that it brings gladness and cheer into your heart when you hear of someone who has experienced a change for the better in their life, I am writing this to let you know what a wonderful help you have been in my new experience.

"I am one of those lucky individuals with the feeling of being reborn through the fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous. I know that you are familiar with the spiritual side of our program and I want you to know that you have been of great assistance to me in finding God as I want to understand Him.

"Your sermon on Easter Sunday evening opened up a whole new volume of thought for me and I want to carry those thoughts with me for a long, long time.

"I have read three of your books and they have given me many new ideas to use in my new outlook toward life. Here is my daily thought:

" 'God grant me the serenity to accept things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference.' "

And so I shall take Hope, the father, and Faith, the mother, and with them I shall build this Child of Courage into a fine, clean, strong man, so that some day he will help me to reach back into the darkness and take the trembling hand of a fallen brother and guide his footsteps back into the sunlight of sobriety.

"In closing, I should like to say thanks, though it seems like such a little thing to say after receiving so much, but thanks, Dr. Bradley, thanks a whole lot for everything. Sincerely, E. B. Clagett."

* * *

And now we close the Mail Bag with this lovely poem sent in by Lud Isaac (copyrighted 1950) and published with his permission:

I HAVE FOUND GOD

By Lud Izaac

Not in lofty Mountain reaches,
Not in turbulent, storm-tossed Sea
Shall you find the Revelation
Of His Love and Majesty.
All your longing, yearning, searching
Must end in failure and despair,
For unless you bring God with you,
You'll not find Him anywhere.

Not the Forest's deadly silence,
Not the Deserts of endless sand
Will reveal His Power and Glory
Or His upward guiding Hand.
For the Godliness you're seeking
In deepest innerself must start.
Land and Sea cannot contain Him
Till you find Him in your Heart.

Not the Canyon's Rock-carved splendor
Not the stalactites of the Cave
Can explain His Strength and Grandeur
Or the mystery of the Grave.
But beyond the country's stillness
And above the city's din
I have found God, and I hear Him
Speaking in that voice within.

REASON AND FAITH

(The two articles following, written by Dana McLean Greeley, Minister, Arlington St. Church, Boston, Mass., and Secretary, American Unitarian Association, are taken from "The Unitarian Christian," published monthly, from October to May, by the Unitarian Christian Fellowship.)

As we celebrate one hundred and twenty-five years of American Unitarianism it is well to understand the nature of the movement from its origin, and to gather inspiration from the past for the future. The early Unitarians in America denied that they had been influenced by Unitarianism and the Age of Reason in England, and yet William Ellery Channing opened the best-known sermon that he ever preached by a lengthy and vigorous defense of the use of reason in religion. Thirteen pages in the printed document are devoted to the elucidation of the facts that reason is a gift of God, and that we must employ reason at all times in the interpretation of the scriptures, and in the study and affirmation of Christianity. Channing goes so far as to say that if he could not be a Christian without ceasing to be rational, he would not hesitate as to his choice. Man must not under any circumstances violate his rational nature. Of course the use of reason in religion is accompanied with danger, but will not any man looking back on the history of the Church agree that the renunciation of reason is still more dangerous? Even revelation must be rejected if it is unreasonable, for revelation is a gift of light. "It cannot thicken our darkness, and multiply our perplexities." Thus may the leading proponent of early Unitarianism in this country be established as a rationalist.

To define Channing as a *rationalist*, however, is hardly to begin to know him, for there was justification in his and his contemporaries' assertion that their movement was *not* born of the spirit of the free thinkers of England. He believed in reason, but he interpreted reason in the context of his *faith* in God and in man, and in the moral character which he ascribed to both God and man, and he himself was a pious man and a virtuous or philanthropic man even more than he was a reasonable man. The radiance of his countenance and the influence of his life were spiritual more than they were rational, and without his great *faith* history would never have known of this radiance or this influence. Reason is a handmaiden of faith, as it is a road to knowledge, but it is not faith, and it is not religion, any more than it is knowledge. In the same Baltimore Sermon to which we have referred already Channing went on to describe the distinguishing doctrines of Unitarians, and fifty printed pages tell us of the ideas of the unity of God, the unity of Jesus Christ, "as truly one as we are, and equally distinct from the one God," the moral perfection of God, the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and the nature of true holiness, or Christian virtue. Channing said that "to know God is to attain to the sublimest conception in the universe," and he added that the chief glory of religion is that "it ennobles the soul." "Purity of heart and life, Christ's spirit of love toward God and man; this is all in all."

To define Unitarianism as a rationalist movement is to describe it very inadequately and to overlook the mysticism of its saints, the moral passion of its prophets, and the unexcelled poetry of its great hymn writers. Reason is an indispensable *tool*, but *faith* is the essence of Unitarianism.

THE POSITIVE THEOLOGY OF LIBERAL RELIGION

What, beyond its critical function, is the positive content of Liberal Christianity?

Judging from the wide interest taken in this question, it was the most significant asked at the Thirteenth Congress of the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom. Three sessions were devoted to its discussion which was participated in by delegates from Switzerland, France, Holland, Germany, England, and America.

At the final session the delegates reached a formulation of convictions to which everyone present could give his consent. After its unanimous adoption by the Theological Section it was received at the business meeting of the whole Congress and commended to all for consideration, instruction, and guidance.

Entitled "the statement of our Faith," it read as follows:

"We believe in God the Unfathomable, the eternal Creator of the world and of man, who creates man in His own image, and thereby gives him a dignity he can never lose. He has placed man as a limited but free creature over against Himself, in order that man may surrender himself to Him in trust and love.

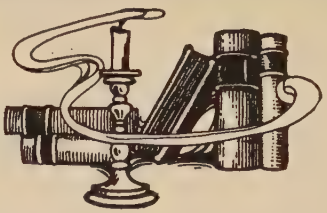
"We believe that the freedom with which man has been endowed, is such, that he can use it either for salvation or for destruction. If he pursues his own ends, he destroys himself, if he opens his heart to God and to his neighbor he finds the true life.

"We believe that Christ shows us what divine love means. He shows us the Father, to whom we can turn in all our guilt and need. He shows us our neighbor as our brother, as one for whom we are responsible in all his guilt and need.

"We believe that we have to live in the world as a fellowship, through the Love of God, taking part tirelessly and lovingly in the work of the world in tireless service to our fellow-men, seeking the Kingdom of God.

"We believe that God gives us as much Truth as we need from day to day to find our way through life. We know in part. We dare not try to force upon others the Truth, given to us, or claim, that it is valid for all times. Where the spirit of God is there is Liberty.

"We believe that in this way God is with us, and that we become free to do our duty and leave the rest to God. We believe that in our uneasy consciences we can hear the voice of God, seeking us and our brethren, and can experience therein, what in truth is meant by that peace, that passes all understanding."



BOOKS are the true levelers. They give to all who faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race.

Channing

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

APRIL

1—Address. Annual Masonic Assembly. Milwaukee Auditorium, Milwaukee, Wis.
2—Two Services. Peoples Church.
3—Radio Address. WGN
Civic Lenten Service
Erlanger Theatre
Holy Week Service.
Peoples Church
5—Radio Address. WGN
Civic Lenten Service
Erlanger Theatre
Holy Week Service
Peoples Church
6—Radio Address. WGN
Civic Lenten Service
Erlanger Theatre
Television Conference
Wrigley Bldg.
Cut four records. WGN
Holy Week Service
Peoples Church
7—Radio Address. WGN
Civic Lenten Service
Erlanger Theatre
Cut 3 records. WGN
Holy Week Service
Peoples Church
9—Easter Services. Peoples Church
9 a.m.—11 a.m.—3:30 p.m.
and 7:30 p.m.
10—Radio Address. WGN
11—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
Address, Knife and Fork Club
Sioux City, Iowa.
12—Radio Address (El. Tr.) WGN
Cut record. WGN
13—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
14—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
16—Sermon in Community Church of New York City, (Dr. John Haynes Holmes and Rev. Donald Harrington, Ministers)
Attended Dr. Sockman's Church
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17—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
18—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
Address. N.Y. Round Table
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19—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
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20—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
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21—Radio Address. WGN
22—Address. Friends of Literature
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23—Morning Service. Peoples Church
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24—Radio Address. WGN
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25—Radio Interview WGN
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26—Radio Address WGN (El. Tr.)
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27—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
Address. Wisconsin Congress of Parents and Teachers
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28—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
Address. Michigan Schoolmasters' Club. Univ. of Michigan
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30—Morning Service. Peoples Church
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